A John Foster Esq

Poetical Paraphraſe

ON THE

UNIVERSAL HYMN

OF

1490. d. 18

PRAISE

TO THE

CREATOR,

Entitled

BENEDICITE.

Non omnes Arbuſta Juvant Humilesque Myricæ.
Virgil

Printed for *J. Pemberton* at the *Golden Buck*, over againſt St. *Dunſtan's Church* in *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1727

BRITISH MUSEUM
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TO

HIS GRACE

The Duke *of* DEVONSHIRE.

MY LORD,

WHILST *I am endeavouring to ſhew my Gratitude for a late ſurprizing Inſtance of your* Grace's *diſtinguiſhed Humanity, I am ſenſible I ſhall hereby ſtand in need of yet farther Indulgence, ſince I cannot prefix ſo great a Name to this little Eſſay without asking Pardon for the Preſumption.*

And that I may obtain it, which is the Height of my Ambition, I hope Your Grace *will not be diſpleaſed if I aſſure you that this Liberty which I have taken ſprings only from the moſt dutiful*

Sentiments and profoundeſt Veneration: I do not now ſo much addreſs myſelf to the mighty Prince, *or the celebrated* Patriot, *as to the munificent* Gentleman, *and the compaſſionate* Benefactor, *ſince it was not the Splendor of* Your Grace's *exalted State, but the Luſtre of your ſuperior Goodneſs, which gave Riſe to this* Dedication.

As for the Subject which I have choſen, it is indeed very noble and ſublime, as being a general Hymn of Praiſe to the Creator, *in which the Three Children, who were preſerved amidſt the Flames of a raging Furnace, are introduc'd in pious Raptures, as calling not only upon Angels and Men, but alſo on the irrational and inanimate Creatures to adore the univerſal Monarch.*

Your Grace's *Character, with Reference to Religion, is truly illuſtrious, upon which Account I am not altogether without Hope that this Eſſay will meet with a favourable Reception.*

It is not unknown to Your Grace *that the* Muſes *were formerly chaſt and ſerene, and all their Springs very lovely and unſullied, and Poeſy was anciently made ſubſervient to Piety and Devotion; however, ſince it has been unhappily*

abuſed

abuſed and proſtituted to ſerve the vileſt Purpoſes; and indeed many of our modern Poets ſeem not well to have conſidered, that the richeſt Colouring and utmoſt Poignancy of Wit can never attone for Prophaneneſs, and the moſt ſhining Ornaments they can boaſt of are but wretchedly laviſh'd, when imployed in the Service of Vice, and made uſe of to enflame the Paſſions; for vain, nay fatal, is the Attempt to gild the enchanting Scenes of Luxury, and paint Deſtruction beautiful.

As for my Part, I determined ſome Time ſince to lay Poetry aſide, but that Reſolution is ſuperſeded, and I am tempted again to reſume that unprofitable Study, therewith to ſooth the tedious Hours, and ſoften my preſent melancholy Retirement.

This Song has already been under the Management of diverſe abler Pens, and we are particularly obliged to the polite Lady Chuldleigh, *for a copious and elegant Paraphraſe upon it; but Brevity was Part of my Deſign, and tho' I do not pretend to equal their Beauties, yet* Your Grace *will find that I have not diſhonourably tranſplanted any of them; neither am I conſcious*

of

of having taken one ſingle Thought from Thoſe who have attempted this Hymn before Me.

I ſhall only add my paſſionate Wiſhes for the Continuance of Your Grace's *Proſperity, and no longer offer to detain* You *from the Conſideration of thoſe important Concerns which are tranſacted at that auguſt Council over which* You *preſide, the Reſolutions of which not only tend to the Happineſs of theſe Kingdoms, but have an Influence on the Fate of* Europe. *I am,*

MY LORD,

Your Grace's *moſt obliged*

and moſt devoted Servant,

THOMAS FOXTON.

A Poetical Paraphrase, &c.

O All ye Works of the Almighty King!
In one full Choir your Makers Praiſes ſing,
With grateful Strains eternally adore
Celeſtial Love and everlaſting Power.
Ye bliſsful Angels lead the rapt'rous Song
In Notes untouch'd by ev'ry mortal Tongue,
Since you unmatch'd in heav'nly Beauties ſhine
The bright Reflections of the Power divine,
Swell ev'ry Clarion, ſweep each warbling String,
And ſolemn be your Praiſe to the Creator-King.
Shrill be your Sounds as when your joyful Eyes
Beheld the World in Infant Beauty riſe;
When circling Light diſpell'd the fading Gloom,
And *Eden*'s Flow'rs diſpers'd a rich Perfume.

Ye

Ye Heav'ns ſublime extol the mighty Lord!
Who rear'd your Arch at one prevailing Word,
Deck'd the Expanſe with Glories ever new,
And ting'd its Surface with the richeſt Blue.
Ye lucid Springs that over *Æther* glide,
Roll gently on in all your chryſtal Pride,
In ſpotleſs Mirrours to the World declare
His boundleſs Praiſe who made your Streams ſo fair.
Ye mighty Powers compos'd of vig'rous Fire,
To bleſs the Lord with nobleſt Flames aſpire,
Join in the ſacred Song, and ſwell the Concert higher.
Thou dazling Sun, bright Ruler of the Day,
Whoſe orient Gems make chearful Nature gay,
In Adorations all thy Beams employ,
And ſpread at once Devotion, Light, and Joy.
Tho wanton *Perſians* fondly did adore
Thy borrow'd Grandeur and precarious Power,
Jehovah's Voice gave Thee each radiant Grace,
And form'd the Gold that ſparkles on thy Face,
Should thy great Lord withdraw his pow'rful Aid
Thy Rays would die, thy charming Luſtre fade,
And all thy Glories ſink in one eternal Shade.

Tho

Thou ſofter Empreſs of the ſilent Night,
Whoſe ſilver Gleams to ſerious Thoughts invite,
Bleſs Thou the Lord, in every Beauty dreſt,
By ſhining Motion or by ſolemn Reſt;
Still as thy beauteous Creſcent paints the Skies,
Diffuſe his Praiſe, and to his Glory riſe:
And when thy Rays with waning Luſtre ſhine,
That milder Light ſhall ſpread the Power divine.
When thy faint Beams with awful State withdraw
Inſpire the World with a religious Awe,
Teach trembling Mortals to revere the King
From whom their Light, and all their Comforts ſpring.

Ye twinkling Stars exalt your Maker's Fame,
Whilſt Saphire Spangles deck th' ethereal Frame,
And lucid Globes roll ſwift in Honour of his Name
Tho' you like glitt'ring Points but ſtrike the Eye,
In your vaſt Confines ſpacious Empires lie,
And Worlds immenſe maintain perpetual Harmony.

Ye genial Show'rs which pleaſantly diſtil,
To cloath the Vale, and to adorn the Hill,

That make the Meads a flow'ry Harveſt yield,
And yellow Proſpects wave along the Field,
In grateful Strains eternally adore
Celeſtial Love, and everlaſting Power.
Ye balmy Dews which make the Vi'lets blow,
And round the Roſe in pearly Moiſture glow,
By every Drop your Former's Praiſe declare,
When liquid Gems dreſs ev'ry Landſcape fair.
Ye rapid Winds, ſent by the King of Kings,
Who rules each Storm, and rides upon your Wings,
With active Force diſplay *Jehovah*'s Praiſe,
And in loud Gales profoundeſt Honours raiſe;
Sometimes adore Him with a ſofter Breeze,
And mildeſt *Zephyrs* whiſp'ring thro' the Trees,
Then thro' the Groves your grateful Progreſs take,
And curl the Surface of the chryſtal Lake.
Sometimes your ſtronger Guſts impetuous riſe
And ruſh tempeſtuous from the red'ning Skies;
The talleſt Oaks before your Fury bend,
And your fierce Blaſts the nobleſt Structure rend:
The troubled Ocean ſwells, its Billows roar,
And laſh with Terror ev'ry ſounding Shore.

The

The trembling Sailor with deſpairing Eyes
View the vaſt Deep in all its Horror riſe.
The World muſt then your mighty King revere,
And own his Empire with ſubmiſſive Fear;
Barbaric Princes then adore the Lord,
Kneel at his Voice, and tremble at his Word.
Let active Fire its radiant Flames exert,
Warm ev'ry Breaſt, and raiſe each drooping Heart,
Till languid Spirits feel a ſacred Heat,
And fainteſt Souls exalted Notes repeat;
There where the Sun in dazling Triumphs reigns,
And drives his Car o'er *India*'s burning Plains;
The ſwarthy *Moors* untutor'd Souls, refine,
Teach them to worſhip at a nobler Shrine,
And change their *Pagan* Rites for Anthems all Divine.

Thou hoary Winter in thy gloomy Round
Thy matchleſs King's eternal Praiſes ſound;
Tho' chilling Snow and diſmal Storms prevail,
And glaſſy Rivers bend beneath the rattling Hail,
Tho' freezing Air on icy Wings returns,
And ev'ry Grove its faded Beauty mourns.

Let purple Spring in brighter Scenes ariſe,
New dreſs the Fields, and charm the gazing Eyes,
Whilſt vig'rous Nature ſtarts in perfect Bloom,
Profuſe of Paint and laviſh of Perfume,
Thou lovely Seaſon Adoration yield;
Bend ev'ry Grove, and conſecrate each Field,
Whilſt pleaſant Carpets all the Earth o'erſpread,
And ruſtic Feet on fine Embroid'ry tread.
Let riper Summer in its rich Attire,
And bluſhing Fruits in lovely Praiſe conſpire.
Such noble Proſpects, ſuch delicious Stains,
As crown the Hills, and beautify the Plains,
Loudly proclaim Almighty Power and Love,
And raiſe our Thoughts to purer Realms above,
Where Glory ſtill ſhines bright on ev'ry Scene,
And living Groves for ever wave in Green.
Praiſe the great King ye low'ring Shades of Night,
Tho' dark you roll, ye ſhed a ſoft Delight:
By you the Labourer finds a ſweet Repoſe,
And weeping Captives mitigate their Woes.
Thou lovely Morn, in Saffron Garments dreſt,
Joy of the Earth, and Beauty of the Eaſt,

With

With grateful Art lead on the circling Hours,
Freſh gild the World, and ſmile on op'ning Flowers
In bright Returns thy Adoration pay,
With ſolemn Pomp thy glitt'ring Wings diſplay
And thro' the joyous World immortal Praiſe convey.

Light, thou prime Work of God, extol his Name
In various Dyes and parti-colour'd Flame,
Whether thy Rays a Bluſh on Bloſſoms ſpread,
Or ſtain the Corral with a deeper Red;
If Saphires glitter in thy blue Attire,
Or ſparkling Diamonds dart tranſlucent Fire:
In ev'ry Form they ſtrike the wond'ring Sight
With freſh Amuſements or a fix'd Delight.
Darkneſs, thou ancient venerable Thing,
In ſable Weeds adore th' eternal King,
With reverend Awe near his Pavilion wait
To ſhroud his Glories in Majeſtic State;
Conſtant attend his Orders to fulfil,
And watch the Dictates of his Sov'reign Will.
When ſtubborn *Pharaoh* proudly did preſume
To combat Heaven and urge his fatal Doom,

Thy

Thy dreadful Curtains o'er his Land were drawn,
And Days roll'd black, unconſcious of the Dawn,
No artful Lights could pierce the diſmal Shade,
Nor Thouſand Lamps the ſolid Gloom invade;
Ægypt then mourn'd beneath th' Almighty Arm,
Princes deſpair'd, nor could Magicians charm:
Therefore in moving Strains thy Lord adore,
His boundleſs Strength and his eternal Power.
Ye pointed Ligt'nings blazing thro' the Air,
When ſudden Flaſhes lay the Foreſt bare,
In ruddy Storms *Jehovah*'s Praiſe declare.
Whilſt crackling Cedars in the Tempeſt burn,
And talleſt Oaks their blaſted Honours mourn;
Such glitt'ring Arrows wing'd with fatal Flame,
Glare thro' the Skies, and Death attends their Aim.
But ſwifter yet your fiercer Fires will ſtream,
And Vengeance redden ev'ry keener Beam;
When the laſt Trumpet ſhakes each op'ning Tomb,
And the Creation waits its final Doom.
Ye varying Clouds extol the mighty God,
And ſound his Praiſes as ye fly abroad;

Whether

Whether huge Mountains in the Air you form,
And ſhade the North before a driving Storm,
Or gently roll along ſerener Skies,
When Whirlwinds ceaſe, and all the Tempeſt dies;
Sometimes rich Colours on your Edges ſhine,
And roſy Spots make all your Fleeces fine:
Then in your brighteſt Dreſs deep Homage pay,
Praiſe as ye glow, and as ye move obey.
Let Earth with all its various Scenes adore,
And praiſe the Lord till Time ſhall be no more;
On floating Waves its firm Foundation lies,
And from the Floods unſhaken Pillars riſe.
The Voice Divine thy blooming Face adorn'd,
And ſhapeleſs Chaos to a Beauty turn'd;
A Thouſand Joys flow'd from that pow'rful Sound,
And Flowers and Trees enrich'd the ſmiling Ground.

Ye lofty Hills, whoſe Summits threat the Skies,
And tow'ring Cliffs the wond'ring World ſurprize,
With humble Homage your Creator own,
One potent Word, or one tremendous Frown,
Can level all your Pride, and ſweep the Mountains down.

Ye

Ye lovely Plants adorn'd with beauteous Green,
Gentle, tho' bright, and radiantly ſerene,
Adore the Hand which gave that noble Stain,
Refreſhing to the Eye, and graceful to the Plain.
Ye pleaſant Wells where Springs delicious riſe,
And cool the thirſty Soul with kind Supplies,
Oft in the Deſart when the Pilgrim ſtrays
Thro' ſcorching Sands, and thro' untrodden Ways,
Your precious Streams reſtore, his fainting Breath,
And ſnatch the Victim from impending Death;
Then with heav'd Hands, and with uplifted Eyes
He ſends his Praiſes thro' the diſtant Skies;
Join ye with him, the mighty Lord revere,
Who feeds your Springs, and makes your Waters clear;
In grateful Strains eternally adore
Celeſtial Love and everlaſting Power.
Ye ſpacious Seas advance your Maker's Fame,
O'er ev'ry Wave will he Dominion claim,
And all your Billows know the Terrors of his Name.
When furious Tempeſts vex the troubled Main,
And Storms deſcend in Lightning and in Rain,

His

His Voice alone can give the Ocean Reſt,
And chaſe Deſpair from ev'ry throbbing Breaſt;
He clears the Skies, and ſends ſerener Gales,
That ſoftly wanton round the ſwelling Sails.
Ye dreadful Whales ſubmiſſive Honours pay,
Fierce as ye plunge, and cut your foamy Way,
And ſpout Caſcades againſt the riſing Day;
Whilſt milder Dolphins worſhip as they ſport,
And round the Ships in glitt'ring Shoals reſort.
Let all the ſcaly Breed God's Empire own,
Wide as the Seas, that make his Glory known.
Ye num'rous Fowls, which cut the yielding Air,
In tuneful Sounds your Sovereign's Praiſe declare.
Let gen'rous Eagles loftier Tracts explore,
Expand their Wings, and up the Concave ſoar,
View the Meridian-Sun with ſtedfaſt Eyes,
And ſpread his Fame along the diſtant Skies;
Whilſt pleaſant Linnets near ſome murm'ring Stream
On verdant Boughs adore the Power ſupreme.
Let Beaſts and Cattle in the Concert join,
And rival Birds in Worſhip ſo divine,

While Sheep by humbler Bleatings own his Power,
Let dauntleſs Lyon's round the Deſart roar,
Ruſh thro' the Woods, and terribly adore.
Let ſalvage Tygers bound along the Plains,
And ſpotted Leopards ſtretch their panting Veins.
Whilſt meaner Creatures thus expreſs their Joy,
Ye Sons of Men, your utmoſt Art employ,
In Hallelujahs Praiſe th' eternal King,
With vocal Sounds, and ev'ry warbling String:
He form'd your Souls of pure Ethereal Flame,
And from his Breath your nobler Spirits came,
The World's vaſt Ruines you will long ſurvive,
And vig'rous ſtill eternal Ages live:
Such Favours then your Admiration claim,
And conſtant Joys ſhould wait upon his Name,
To grateful Anthems conſecrate the Day,
And in the Night profoundeſt Homage pay.
Let *Iſrael*'s Sons their Guardian King adore,
They ſaw his Love, and *Ægypt* felt his Power,
The ſanguine Sea prov'd their indulgent Friend,
Whilſt *Pharoah*'s Triumphs met a fatal End,
And ſhining Troops to painful Death deſcend,

Their

Their radiant Armour ſunk to ſecret Caves,
And ſpangled Pride but deck'd their watry Graves;
From flinty Rocks refreſhing Streams he drew,
And round their Tents diffus'd celeſtial Dew.
Thus chear'd their craving Souls with ev'ry Good,
And treated Mortals with Angelic Food;
Ye favour'd Seed, then gratefully adore
Celeſtial Love, and everlaſting Power.
Ye ſacred Prieſts, who at the Altar wait,
Be your Devotion like your Office, great,
And let your Praiſes ſuit with your exalted State.
O all ye Servants of the living God,
Bleſs his great Name, and ſound his Praiſe abroad:
But chiefly You from Grief and Earth releaſt,
The bright Poſſeſſors of eternal Reſt,
Your glitt'ring Harps are ever now in Tune,
And God himſelf inſpires you from his Throne.
Ye meek and humble Souls in God rejoice,
With you he dwells, you are his favour'd Choice,
He turns his Eyes from haughty Monarch's Towers,
And ſmiles propitious on your peaceful Hours,

Exalted

Exalted Seats for you in Glory wait,
And radiant Enſigns of diſtinguiſh'd State.
O *Ananias*, praiſe th' eternal King,
Let *Azarias* grateful Anthems ſing,
And *Miſael*'s Harp ſound ſweet from ev'ry String;
In vain the Tyrant and the Furnace rag'd,
Celeſtial Love their Fury ſoon aſſwag'd,
Round you the Fire in lambent Circles play'd,
And burning Arches caſt a grateful Shade;
In pious Strains for ever then adore
Unbounded Grace, and everlaſting Power.

FINIS.